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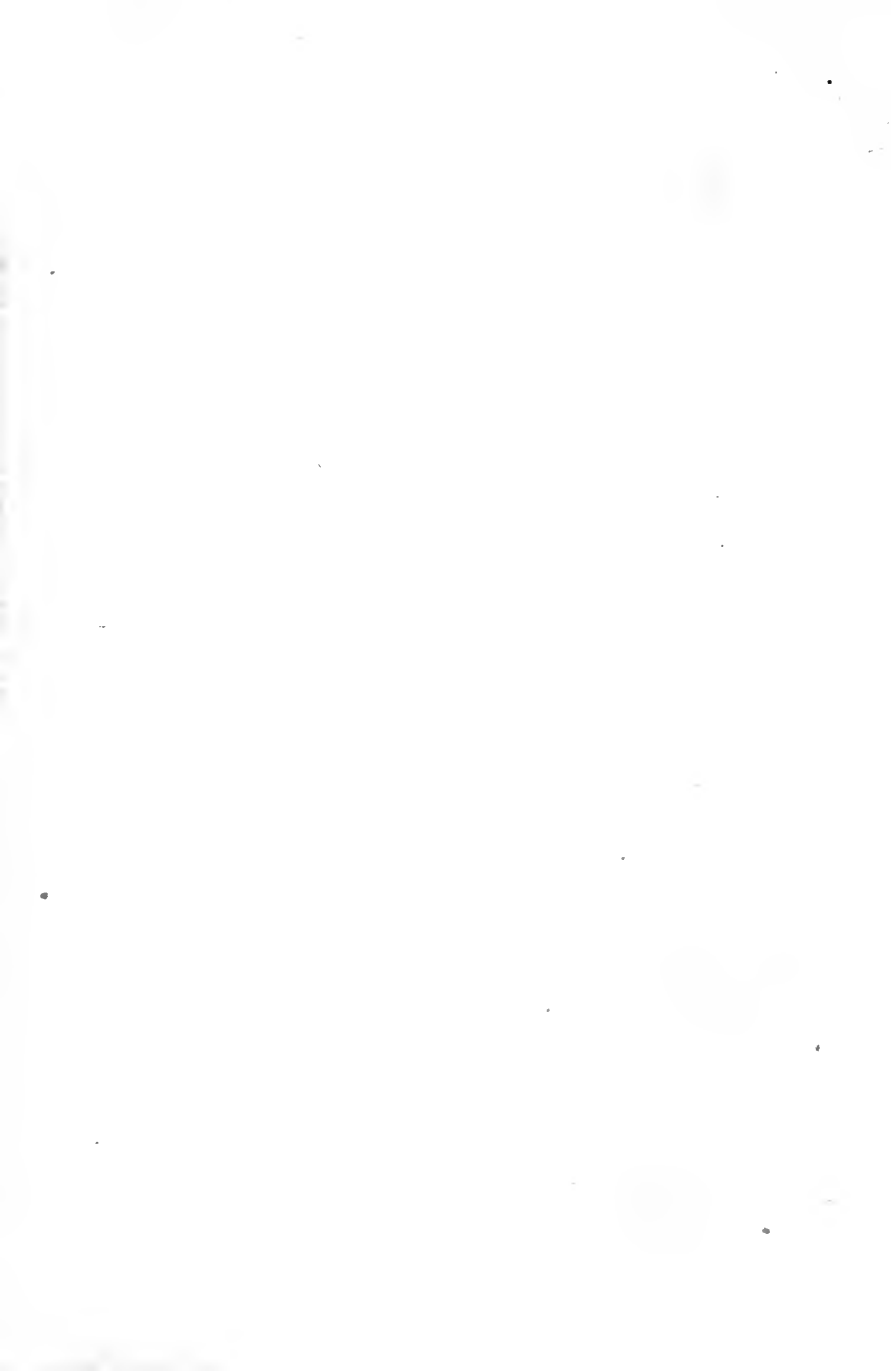
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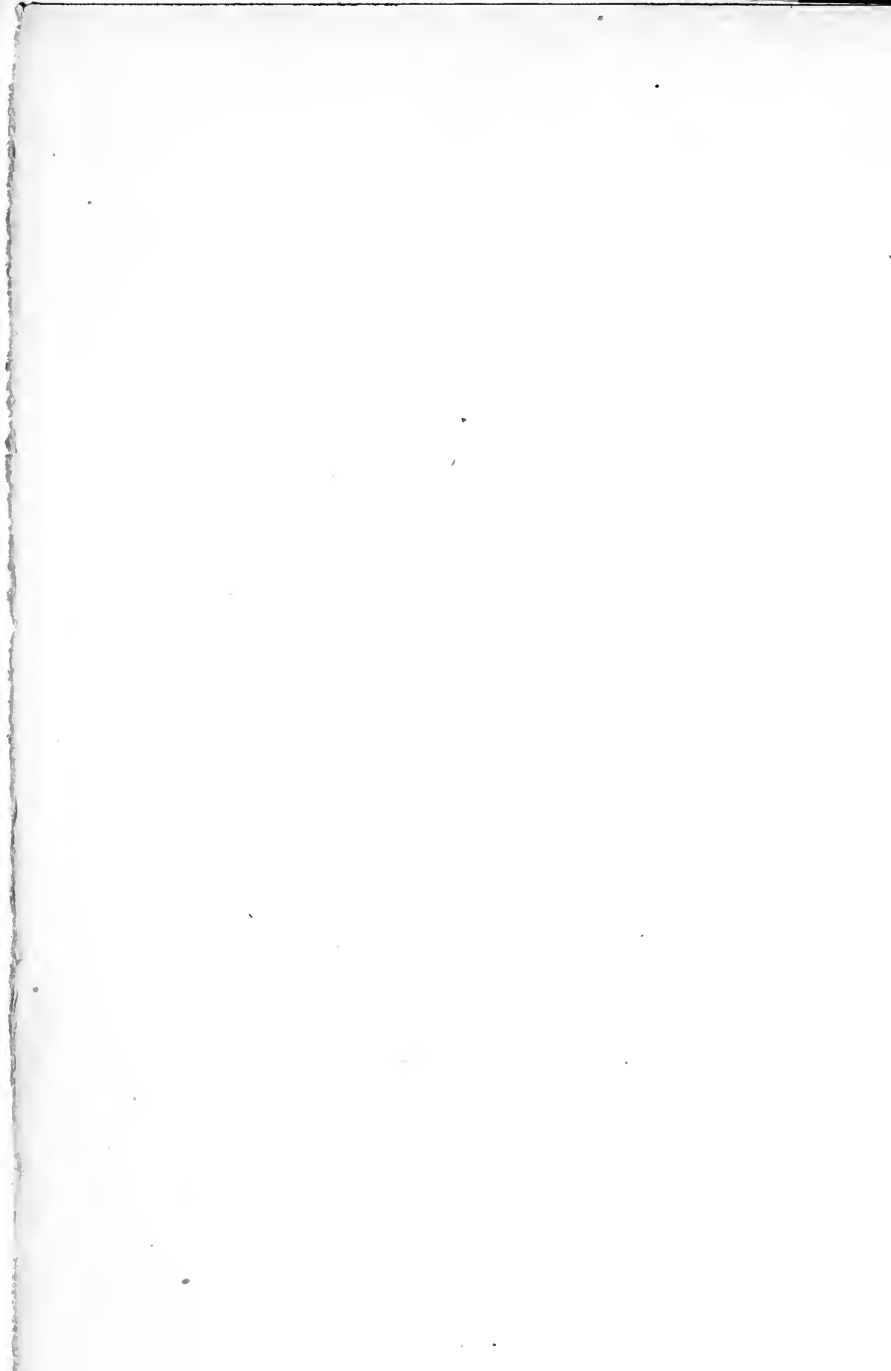


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HAIL, MAN!



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HAIL, MAN!

BY
ANGELA MORGAN

AUTHOR OF
"THE HOUR HAS STRUCK," "THE IMPRISONED SPLENDOR,"
"UTTERANCE AND OTHER POEMS,"
"FORWARD, MARCH!" ETC.

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I
SYMBOLS

HAIL, MAN!

This flesh is but the symbol and the shrine
Of an immense and unimagined beauty,
Not mortal, but divine;
Structure behind our structure,
Lightning within the brain,
Soul of the singing nerve and throbbing vein,
A giant blaze that scorches through our dust
Fanning our futile "might be" with its "Must";
Bearing upon its breast our eager span—
Beyond, above, and yet the self of man!

Look how the glowworm with its feeble might,
Signals the presence of celestial fire;
How phosphorous upon the sea at night,
And the swift message o'er the radiant wire,
Proclaim the awesome thing existence covers;
Eternity emerging through our husk,
Sky through our vapour,
Glory through our dusk.

Behold the slender scarlet line that hovers
Between close fingers held against the sun,
Each like a swift and beaming taper
Afire from one.
And how each seems the token
Of a great mystery no man has spoken,
Wherein we walk and work and do our tasks,
Nor dream within what light the spirit basks . . .

This creaking tent we call the universe,
One motion in a mighty caravan
Whose million, million orbits but rehearse
The miracle that swings the heart of man,
Is but the outward breathing from that Source—
Call it by whatsoever sounding name,
God or Jehovah, Life or Primal Force—
Which, like a vast, impalpable, pure flame,
Bears up the visible as 'twere a toy;
Shoulders our burdens like a singing boy;
Props with its permanence our mortal screen;
Hotter than hissing fires, than light more keen,
Solid as stone, simple and clean as glass,
Fluid as flashing waves that leap and pass . . .

Yet doth obscuring flesh
Infinity enmesh,
While soul within its prison speaks to soul,
Hailing the habitation as the whole!
This flesh is but the visible outshowing
Of a portentous and a mighty thing,
Whereof, each mortal knowing,
Becomes a King!

THE SHAPES OF THINGS

The shapes of things yield me such melody,
The shapes and the colors of things;
Thought of the Infinite Ecstasy
Symbolled in blossoms and wings;
Fires from the furnace immutable
Cooling in clusters of good,
Nature clothing her love for man
In shelter and warmth and food.

Behold the shape
Of the rich purple grape;
How apples garner the creative heat;
Melons repeating in their many-seeded story
The round green earth and dawn's glory.
Orange and pear, damson and fig, store an amazing
sweet—
Globules of glory from the escaping fire,
Flung from the full fingers of desire.
And ripe carnelian berries,
Currants and plums and cherries
Are sparks of joy still burning
From the creative yearning;
As if the Eternal Ardor strove to press
One drop more of deliciousness!

CURVES

God thinks in such convincing curves and chalices;
Mountains and hills, lilies and birds in flight—
And in the sky where Beauty's palace is,
Bubble on bubble of transcendent light,
Disc upon disc of fire, jewel on jewel,
Fed ceaselessly by His undying fuel.

ROCKS

Rocks are jagged and weird and wild,
Or they are beautiful and glad,
Or they are wistful as a child,
Or they are grim and sad.
Some days they are like dancing flame . . .
They never are the same.
They never are the solid mass
We think they are, and could we pass
Before them in their native key,
Another substance they would be.
Rocks may betray an undulating grace,
Warm gestures and a living face,
Teaching a secret we have not been told—
That we, not they, are dull and hard and cold!

Lake Minnewaska, Ulster County.

MOSS

When God weaves velvet on the looms of Spring,
Mortals, beholding, turn their heads in wonder . . .
Such skill and tenderness He pours in everything,
Till Fairyland blooms over us and under.
And mortal feet may tread on April floss,
May grasses and June moss.

Moss is too exquisite for human touch;
I think He must have made it to beguile
Angels and gods to stay with us awhile;
Or else, perhaps He loves us all so much
We seem to Him not erring folk at all,
Nor knows He anything of Adam's fall,
But sees us all perfected and complete—
Worthy a royal carpet for our feet.

Pine Tree Inn, Lakehurst, New Jersey.

COMMON THINGS

Even the kitchen cup I measure by
May hold its quota of the blue sky,
It's handful of Heaven,
As bread holds leaven.
And a silver faucet stem may bring to me
The hill's white laughter,
The mountain torrent's ecstasy.

STEAM

I never cease to marvel on the miracle of water,
And how her wedding with a flame
Brings a fairy daughter;
Shape elusive, wonderful, brief visitor on earth;
Symbol of divinity, and angel birth.

THE CATARACT

I am so filled with the grandeur and glory of living,
I cannot wait, poets, to utter it calmly in smooth,
conventional rhyme.

Who knows to what vast, imperial rhythm the tides
keep time?

To what infinite measure
Earth offers her treasure—

Trees treading the hills to a song unheard, unseen;
Spring unrolling her splendor of passionate green;
Mountains marching royally on and on

To an unseen baton?

How may I sing the mixed, magnificent motion
Of surf, hungrily seeking the unresponsive shore,
Beating upon her proud barriers more and more,
In dull words of decorous devotion?

Can a carven word contain

The ocean's pain?

Can a storm be stored in a tulip cup,

Can a dandelion stem drink up

The glorious tide of the great Pacific?

Life, prolific

Immense, and never still,

Crammed in a snug and narrow brim,

Never to sputter or spill

Across that rim?

How may I tell of rocks girding the living land with
length on length

Of age-recording strength
And yet be true
To the bounds you'd hold me to?
How may I sing of the sea's mad brine
In a clipped and tailored line?
Bid the singer of songs restrainedly go?
Why? Life is not so!
Can you cram the music of wave and wind and star
In a fixed majolica jar?
In little lacquered words
Can you spell the rapture of birds?
Tell control to the winds! Bid the cataract wait
When Spring unlatches the gate!
Say to her snowy lava, leaping the mountain stair,
"Halt! With your plumes in air."
Bid Niagara measure her leap, her fall.
Say to the Master Magician, Creator of all
His hand was most uncouth
To fashion a symbol of rushing, impetuous youth.
Tell Him his aim erred,
His plan was most absurd
When He thought of the wild, spurting, delirious
note of a bird.

O sing, sing, sing! Birds in your green tree.
You cannot sing too hard or long
To say what sings in me.
Sing of the mad night in May
When I held my lover in my arms though he was
miles away;

Yes! Held my lover on my heart, and hold him still
to-day.

Sing of the solid ground melting beneath my feet,
Rolling away in undulations fine as waving wheat;
Sing of the rainbow presence spanning every-
thing . . .

O sing, sing, sing!

Lake Minnewaska, New York.

LANDSCAPE

Some speak of hills and trees as things apart;
They are my inmost heart . . .
They are the very flowing forth of me,
The utterance of hope, and love, and mystery.
And when I move with rapture, so move they.
And when I walk at sundown, they go with me all the
way.
They are my very presence, and I, theirs.
And when I go to sleep, they are my prayers.
They are my splendor in the stirring day,
Each yearning twig and spire
A spoken word of fire
Saying in beauty what I may not say.
They are the passion of my soul's reach
That needs no lovelier speech.

Lake Mohonk, New York.

GARDENS

The quilted earth laid softly out in Spring,
In squares of velvet brown and satin green,
With tucks and featherstitching in between
And pearls on everything.

Ruts in the road, so friendly to my feet,
Making the lonely path safe and sweet;
Pebbles of onyx beauty, smooth and round
Gleaming in shy rapture upon the ground;
Fireflies jewelling the edge of night . . .
These shapes are my delight.

MINSTRELS

Trees are the messengers of angel mirth,
Minstrels of cosmic passion. Tied to earth
They live aloof, beyond our human reach,
With gods conversant in an unknown speech.
Wives of the ether, lovers of the dawn,
Harps for the winds of God to play upon,
Their trillion iridescences awaken,
With the first sounding of the sun's red . . .
And with the final chords of rapture overhead
Their boughs are shaken
By agonies of bliss we may not hear
Through the dull channel of the daily ear.
Oh, were our senses finer than the breeze
That we might know the ecstasy of trees!

TREES

Trees are astronomers, benign and hoary,
Tellers of tall antiquity, who stand
Bastioned upon the bosom of the land
Yet freed eternally from earth's red story.
No lowly secrets of the dark soil
Command their toil;
Their learned eyes
Fastened in solemn rapture on the skies
Witness the bright procession of the stars move on
From early dark till dawn.
Seeing Orion with his blazing shield
Marshal his hosts upon the battlefield.
Beholding Perseus, whose wingèd leap
Turns the devouring demon into stone,
Melting the while a virgin heart from sleep
That fair Andromeda shall be his own.

Trees are historians who tell upon their pages
The pageantry of ages.
No earthly dwellers they
Who watch all day
The scenic splendor of the sky
Drifting by.
Battles and beauties, palaces that rear
Imperial domes within the painted atmosphere.
Princes on prancing steeds,
Heroic deeds
Unseen of man, whose eager hours are spent

In ways unseemly to the firmament.
Fever and fret are stranger to the trees
Riding among the stars in giant ease,
Dwelling amid an ecstasy of light . . .
Such glory as would stun our smaller sight.
Trees are historians who strive to render,
Year upon year, the record of the sky's splendor.
Shedding their flaming stars for us to see,
Printing their new green pages, tirelessly . . .
While we, who gather handfuls of their gold
See not it is the starlight that we hold!

BENEDICTION

Hills are earth's longing to commune with God;
Mountains, her great Amen; and trees,
Loved of the sky, though wedded to the sod . . .
Life has no truer worshippers than these.

Lake Mohonk, New York.

HARVEST

Pumpkins ripe and yellow on the earth's full breast;
Frost-sharp air, colder and colder.
Crimson fires in the clear white west,
And a lantern moon swung over earth's shoulder.
Crackling and burning of leaves somewhere—
Thickening smoke in the luscious air;
And piercing clean to the heart of this
A dagger of sudden bliss.

CANDELABRA

Trees that lift your branches white
Chastely in the winter night,
Holding crystals diamond clear,
Every twig a flashing tear,
Every branch an arm of light
Curved to bear a candle bright—
Nature's thought was clear and bold
When she shaped your hands to hold
Tapers shining all the way
To guide the feet of Day.

THE WORD

Life is a many-syllabled intent
Where stubborn man is spurred
And all his powers spent
To find the meaning of that blurred
And intricate design. Oh, few there be
For all their erudition, who can see
Love is the word!

DAYS

Days are thrusts out of Eternity,
Swords out of serried splendor, where the soul
Stands emperor of time and circumstance;
Beholding in one glance
The scattered regiments of marching years
Bear down the citadel of human fears,
Treading a single measure to one goal.

FLESH

Flesh is the web the soul weaves
About its too-bright center,
Saying to all who enter,
"Lo, find me through these folds.
He who beholds
Or seeks with unanointed hand
My burning majesty, he may not stand."
Even as solar spheres whose whorls of passion
Summoned from chaos shapes for flame to wear
So doth a consciousness within us fashion
The bodies that we bear.

Could we but strip the surface from the man,
Tear off the seeming from the enduring plan,
Such melody and magic would appear,
Such devastating beauty, as would sear
The very sight to gaze on. Hush—be still!
Go now within that shrine no man has trod,
Back of the restless brain, the tense will;
Back where the engines of the pulse begin;
Back where the molten door swings in
And the upleaping flame announces God!

II

MAN IN LIGHT

WINGED VICTORS

Said the earth to her plodding men;
Said the earth to her sons, the brood of her breast,
"The million years roll on and round again,
But the hour comes for the going of birds from the
mother nest.

See! How I softly fly
Through the sheer sky—
And as I skim the obedient blue,
So shall you!"

Said the earth to her fledgling race,
Cried the earth to her infant gods one by one
Beating brave wings in frightening space—
"I, too, was once a feeble speck in the sun,
Swept by shattering storms of chaos under me.
So shall ye safely stride
Wind and tide,
Sailing over the land, then over the sea.

"So shall ye join the celestial tribes who would explore
Far seas and a new shore.
So shall ye know the joy of mad, adventuring flight
With great orbs moving in flocks of beauty across the
night.
Ah, ye have lain snug and slept long
Never to witness earth, one of the vast migrating
throng

Who, hearing the Far Voice by man unheard,
Follow and follow on, like the homing bird!"

Said the earth to Saturn, "See!
Saint of the sky, with aureoles of fire,
Behold what manner of rings encircle me—
Girdles of golden ships that shall not tire
Till man triumphant, cleaving a path to Mars,
Calls to a kindred race in kindred spheres,
Beckons the silver-plumed planets and stars
Plying their burnished wings against the assembled
years.

Hail, Castor and Pollux! Kingly Orion, Hail!
Witness a new-born race that shall not fail.
For the day of the trudging and toiling man is done,
The hour strikes for the soaring of gods to the sun!"

THE DOER*

While poets praised the whirlwind and the wild
Impatient powers of the firmament,
He called the thunder to him as a child,
Summoned the lightning from the way it went,
Captured the forces of the earth and sky
For men to travel by.

A new Saint Francis, knowing subtle speech
To beckon winged creatures out of reach;
Bidding the tempests like obedient birds
Perch on his shoulder, listen to his words,
Hearing their secrets, to be told again
To the glad world of men.

With testing, reverent hands and seeing eyes
Glimpsing his God through steel and wire and wood,
He lured the splendors out of Paradise,
Prisoned the comet's fire for human good,
Loosing the strands of Berenice's Hair
To link the paths of men and make them fair.
Man or magician, saint or sorcerer,
Whether in league with Jove or Lucifer,
The dark Inferno answers to his mind
And harnessed Satan toils for humankind.
World, bring him your gifts of purest worth
Who builds the Eternal City here on earth!

* In recognition of Frank Julian Sprague's pioneer electrical achievements.

YOU

This radio station you call your body,
Bearing along its quivering wires
The keen stress
Of strange fires;
Curious cover you say is you—
I, to humor you, say it too;
Calling by name as you'd have me do
Your frail, mechanical outer dress—
Do you know as you sit and talk with me
This isn't the self I see?
Do you know above and about your frame
I see a something spread and shine,
Sister to that we know as flame—
A presence wonderful, divine?

This radio station you term a "man,"
And give him a name and a street address;
Form familiar whose face you scan,
Whose friendly hand you press;
Do you know, as his body stands in view
The man himself is apart from you—
Creature of will, being of fire,
Roaming the hills of high desire,
Mating his wings with the cherubim
Nor flesh nor body can conquer him?

This petulant body you term your own,
Toiling to pamper its fevered call—

Bundle of muscle and flesh and bone—
You never have entered its gates at all.
Supreme, apart, you stand alone;
You, the director, you the Man;
You, who tower above the brain—
You love; you will; you dream and plan;
You clear the jungle, conquer pain,
Harness the winds and hold the tides.
Your free, unfettered spirit rides
On wild adventures of the soul
Nor ever makes the earth its goal.
This radio station you call your body . . .
And I, to humor you, term it *you*;
Calling by name as you'd have me do—
O friend—this is not you!

THE PLACE OF UNDERSTANDING

Man is a rounded whole. Why should each part
Battle and strive eternally against the other?
Why should the mind make war against the heart,
And sister cells in conflict with their brother
Fight for the guerdon of a fancied goal,
Warring, forever warring? Why not see
Man is the acorned good he yearns to be,
Patterned in sanctity, serene and whole?

Oh, they are true—all!
Each, passionate, conflicting call:
The saintly self that cries
With lifted eyes
"Holy, holy!" The human self that lies
Transported by the beauties of the earth,
By human love and birth—
Grim contradictions of our partial sight—
All, all are true and right . . .
Aye, and the godly yearning that would seek its place
Amid the splendors of immortal space
May find within a sacred human kiss
The spirit's apotheosis of bliss.

Know then the human soul
A rich, rejoicing whole.
And man himself no little arc, no single rim,
But glorified in many parts that measure him

In gracious complement, supreme and sound.
And the white yearning after God,
And the deep happiness in fruitful sod
Show the fine plentitude his soul has found.
Even the light he gropes for,
The great millennium his spirit hopes for,
And the soul's remedy for sin
Are found within.

Man is the rounded sum of all he seeks;
When the full being speaks,
All warring selves become divinely one,
Moving in beauty round his heart's sun.
All our desires are true
When lifted to the blue
But we must hold our longings to the light
And sing among the stars more and more
Nor stand contented on our planet's floor
If we would greatly live in the Creator's sight.

III

MAN IN DARKNESS

THE MIRROR

"Lo, see yourself, world, as you are!"
Faint, eerie and far
As a voice from a star,
Coming nearer and near,
Sounding close at my ear—
A bugle that sang in the dead of the night. . . .
"Look up to the height!
Look up! We would speak with the children of men;
We have signaled and waited, and signaled again."

A shutter that opened far up in the sky;
A beckoning finger, the flash of an eye—
And something afire like a shield in the sun,
Dropping down through the dark. . . .
Now faint as a spark where it flickered and spun . . .
Now closer and clear,
A mirror in flight
Coming nearer and near
As the eye of an engine that scorches the sight . . .
Now quiet and cool as a shadowy pool
Where I looked, seeing nothing; but gazing again,
Saw, faintly emerging, the figures of men.
"Look long in the mirror—God holds it to view.
Is this, then, the Image He fashioned for you?"

I shuddered and saw,
Hid my face in affright!
Swift armies in battle flared up to my sight;

Then, looking again,
Not faces of men
But faces of beasts glared out of that den.
Flesh, turning to hair, fist changing to claw,
Tooth turning to fang, the jungle's red rage
Let loose in that cage. . . .
"So seemeth the sight from the peak of a star—
Shame! See yourself, world, as you are!"

So close was the mirror, so true and so bright,
It burned on my pillow a circle of light. . . .
It sent through my being the snarl and the yell,
Hell screaming at hell.
And I cried in my grief, "Let me look once again,
O angel of light, on the faces of men." . . .
A clap as of thunder! and beasts were no more,
Yet fury and battle raged on as before;
Man set against man, claw tearing at claw;
Strong crushing the weak; . . . I shuddered and
saw.

"Lo, see yourself, world, as you are!
Man-fearing, beast-eating, claw-tearing,
God-sneering, your cruelty wearing
Its futile disguise.
Tear the veil from your eyes!
Let the jungle be seen
That the mirror be clean.

"We who see in a glass
What cometh to pass,

We know the new birth
That is coming to earth.
No falsehood will bear
The Future's bright stare . . .
Once the vision is seen,
Man, strong and serene
Will rise to his star. . . .
Lo, see yourself, world, as you are!"

WINTER

Winter! Taut, clean, whistling, bristling winter;
Glittering, hard, glorious winter is here.
Whew! How it hits the cheek and stings the ear,
Splinter on flashing splinter
Struck from the wild, invisible cold.
Wonderful winter! Cruel, desperate, bold.
The world is a frozen drum
Where hoofs of horses beat,
And a clamor of siren music rises, weirdly sweet;
Singing, whining, slim and shining—
Winching wheels that munch the snow,
Hands that ache and hearts that glow—
Stamp the feet and hood the sight
For winter is abroad to-night!

Winter! A giant pane of glass
Cutting the city's vitals clean through;
Cleaving the heart of the human mass
As a huge knife would do—
Cruel, implacable winter!
Cold, cold, cold.
Cold like a granite wall,
Ghostly, invisible, tall.
Flint most mercilessly made;
Flint blue-cold, sharp as a steel blade.
Flint that challenges the soul and cries to it,
"Come, see if you are fit!

See how the rebounding spirit leaps in sparks of gold,
From contact with the cold."

Winter! Sparkling, snapping, exquisite winter;
Brittle, beautiful, radiant winter is here.
Fringed with icicles, frosted over;
A huge white cake with a candied cover—
Oh, how we love you, winter!
The cold crackles and creaks and simmers;
The cold spurts and glimmers,
Crashing in crystals under the feet—
Wild, adorable, sweet.
See how the fruiterer's window is no more;
The baker's glowing shop, the grocery store
All gripped within the same incredible vise.
A thick white curtain of complete disguise.
Now the maze of street lamps, rank on blazing rank
Are sudden steel soldiers helmetted for death.
Hear the white hissing of the enemy's breath—
Hear the frozen frenzy as their stiff swords clank!

How wonderful to lift the awed face
And see the sky, a dome of jeweled lace,
And the blue moon, a polished knob on Heaven's door!
God, when we turn the knob and enter in
What secret splendor shall we witness more?
Winter! A clean, glittering soul, purged of sin.

Winter! An amber flame of beauty leaping
From windows of delight;
For home is reached—God had us in His keeping— . . .
And all is right.
Good! What a splendid, roaring fire is this—
What radiance, what bliss!
Here, Susie, child, come sit by father's knee.
Joseph and Margherita, too—all three.
(Mother, we'll come to dinner in a trice
When I'm thawed free of ice.)

Now, if you'd have a story of fierce battle,
Of human struggle matched against the storm,
Father will tell it, while the windows rattle,
And we sit snug and warm . . .
Children, winter is like a tiger's tooth;
A yawning mouth that hungers for its prey;
But man has slain the enemy with Truth
And conquers him to-day.
Remember this; no beast can master humankind,
Whose flashing weapon is the living mind . . .
Yes, mother! Here we come—a hungry troop . . .
Ah, what a pleasing table, and what soup!
Mother, your genius overwhelms our chatter—
You are the queen, and nothing else should matter.

Hark! Did you hear the storm pounding upon that
door?

How terrible it is! Worse, even, than before . . .

Like a sublime, infuriated devil.
Well, let it rage. No storm can level
Steel girders and iron bars of strength.
I tell you, man is master; and at length
Even the storm will yield before his will.
Nothing is greater—pardon—than your skill.
Such muffins, mother! And such fragrant coffee, too.
Dear, patient woman, we are proud of you.
Listen! That pounding sounds again, like thunder.
Is that the door bell? Bridget will answer it . . .

I wonder . . .

Ah, here she comes. Her face looks queer and white.
What's that? A beggar? On this fearful night!
Take him into the kitchen—give him a hot cup;
Something cheering and good to sup.
No, mother, you'll not go. I'll see him through.
Children, sit quiet. Father knows what to do.

What's this, my man? No food, no shelter, out of
luck?

Children hungry,—the same old story—and your
wife

Gone to the hospital? Well, on my life
It's hard lines and a bad night you've struck.
Bridget, give him some bacon and bread—
Make the coffee real hot
To go to the spot.
Sorry, my fellow—sorry I can't do more.
I've a big brood myself.

Perhaps in the mansion next door
You'll find work a plenty to do. You can try.
Better luck to you. Sorry, my man. Good bye!

Yes, mother, he seemed pretty shaky and rough;
Not vicious at all, but I thought it was best
You should stay in here with the rest.
Well, it's tough.
But then, what's the use to spoil our repast
With trouble at last?
Come, Susie! The paper for father—that's right.
How cosey the lamp is—how good and how bright!
That's right, mother—smile!
I'll sit here and read for awhile . . .
Winter! Cruel, piercing, ruthless winter,
Splinter on splinter
Striking the cheek and lip
Like a tyrant's whip.

Winter, colder and colder,
A dagger in a bare shoulder . . .
Children, how thankful we should be
For the good gifts our Lord has given.
Come, sit again by father's knee,
And bow your heads to God in Heaven.
Ask Him once more
To help the poor,
To comfort all who are oppress.

We know He doeth all things best.
Now, go upstairs and cuddle tight.
Mother will tuck you in just right . . .

Winter! The jagged teeth of an unseen monster
Glorying in man's pain.

O earth, is your boast in vain? . . .

Well, here's a good book. I'll read, to forget his
face . . .

I wonder, now, *will* he find a place?

I've got to forget him; I must! But somehow or
other . . .

He was ill. He was weak. He could scarcely rise.

The tears were frozen about his terrified eyes . . .

My brother, O Christ, my brother!

THE COMMANDMENT

And a Being came to me, where I sat in the broad
daylight,

And said to me, "Write!"

Strange was the shadow His passing made;

Whether of fire, whether of shade

I know not; only I seemed to see

Sifting down through the atmosphere

Bright as needles of darting rain

The golden air of another sphere.

Oh, may I see its like again

To fill my veins with heavenly fright,

To sting my vision, smite me dumb!

"Never by war shall redemption come."

Whether a whisper, whether a breeze,

Whether a telling among the trees

I know not; only the words were said,

Clear as silver above my head.

"Never by war shall contention cease;

Ye shall try out war for the ends of peace,

Ye shall try out war to the rim of time—

Your sons shall pay for the awful crime.

Young were the lives that went, alas!

Young bones make green and tender grass;

But living men have greater worth.

Would God they walked the earth!

And a Being came to me, a film on the high noon's
heat;

Down where the orchards poured their sweet

In blossom drifts of lavish white

He came and said to me, "Write!

Never by hate is Truth revealed,

Never by hate shall the earth be healed."

. . . Was it the ghost of a soldier dead?

Was it some martyr spirit fled

From Heaven awhile to help mankind

A nobler way of peace to find?

I know not; only I seemed to see

A look of Heaven on every tree.

"Never by war shall the world be won;

Never by war shall good be wrought;

Ye tear each other from sun to sun,

Ye rend each other from night to day

And over and over your prayers ye pray . . .

Have ye forgotten the Word I brought?"

Why were the huddled trees afraid?

The poplar swayed as it ne'er had swayed;

The birds were still in a stricken sky

And cattle shivered as they went by.

"Never by war shall my kingdom come;

Ye fare to battle with beat of drum

And shout to Heaven your brazen creed;

Ye try out war till their bodies writhe

In heaps of horror to meet the scythe;

Ye try out war till their bodies wait
In mangled mountains within your gate . . .
No wars may turn the false word true;
"A new commandment I give to you!"
"Never by war shall contention cease!"
Was it the robe of the Prince of Peace?
Ask the cypress, who saw him pass . . .
A Wind of glory along the grass;
Since when, her head she holdeth high
To hear His footsteps mount the sky.
Was it the Christ who greatly stood
To plead in pain for the world's manhood?
I know not; only I seem to see
That Presence ever follow me;
He follows me through day and night—
I write what He bade me write!

IV
ENCHANTMENT

WHITE WINDS

White winds that blow across my dreams,
Your fringe is freighted with such loveliness . . .
Could I but carry all you say
Into the realm of day,
Bearing the joy that is, into the grief that seems!
Oh, could I take into earth's wilderness
Only a murmur, only a thin sigh
Of your elusive joy breathing by . . .
A something exquisite and mad, beyond the spell
Of the dull orbit where dull people dwell.
White winds, that bring your bliss to me,
Make me a harp to tell it ceaselessly,
And I shall ask in all the world no greater choice
Than to be found a fitting channel for your voice.

THE FIRST BORN

I love every board in the floor, every crack in the wall,

Every crease in the coverlet over my baby.
All that surrounds him and bounds him I love,
From the fire on the low hearth burning,
To the brooding rafters above.

All has turned holy and tender and yearning;
Even the hardest and homeliest things
Have a sound that sings.

Oh, dear little dent in the pillow where rests his head!
Oh, eloquent patch in the pale blue spread!
And the look of his tender mouth, where the breath
comes through—

Ah, God! I'd suffer the anguish of Hell anew,
Only to hold him and see him and kneel at his bed.
I love every pane in the skylight over my baby;
Humble and rough though the broken panels be . . .
For stars and sun and even angels, maybe,
Are smiling down on me.

YOUTH TO THE CYNIC

"If you could know! If you could only see!"
Your leveled, merry eyes made light of me.
"Take not the world so tensely. Time is brief.
Life is for sport, and wit, and gay relief."

"But oh, such wonder in the dawning day"—
Helpless, I smiled and gestured; strove to say
Some bungling word to tell the joy that went
Like a great wind across the firmament.
And I was dumb before your clever wit.
"But dawn is old. Let's have some spice with it!
Let's rhapsodize on something wholly new."
Stars, winds and tempests, too,
Were old and past, you said;
Nor saw a soul as wakened from the dead
Gazing upon a mad, transfigured earth
Clad in the raiment of celestial birth.

But oh, what music matched the word you spoke;
What spirals of enchanted color woke
Within the illumined air above.
And a wild fragrance, as from being in love,
And bliss that catches at the throat, as when
Some tender sight moves to ecstatic tears.
Friend, I am free of you and all your fears!
Age may not cavil at the fires of Truth
Springing eternal in the heart of youth.

IN A STUDIO

My soul responds to this room
As a lily loosed by the sun,
Each lovely object, one by one
Warming it into bloom,
Wooing the ardor from my heart
To run like fire along the walls
Where Turner's artistry enthralls.
Or, mating with its counterpart
In rivalries of light and shade
Melting within a rich brocade.
Or, poised above a cabinet
Where jade and ebony and jet
Or amber overlaid with gold
Lure me with colors manifold . . .

I love the resonance of brass,
And all my hungry nerves are fed
By the ripe ecstasy of wood;
And frescoes delicately spread;
And by the sorcery of glass
In sparkling solitude.
Fluent as flame and keen as wine
I drift and hover, breathe and shine.
My eager, answering tendrils twine
And curl within each curling cup
That drinks my essence up.

O Psyche, where your beauty springs—
O Mercury, with flying feet,
I, too, am borne on pinions fleet,
I, too, have wings!

MELODY

When Autumn leaves hurry in droves across a windy
day,
I hear a lilting tune, scattering and light as they.
When, in the ripe sunshine, I serenely stand
Amid the fellowship of hushed brown hills,
Chords of quiet melody ooze out of the land,
And out of the air a startled song thrills.
When Autumn fruitage on the bending tree
Beckons and makes obeisance unto me,
And the blue day is starred with globes of fire,
While hastening clouds behind
Are like a tossing ocean in the wind . . .
Then the sweet voices of an unseen choir
Sing to the viol of the stringed air
And joy, joy, joy is everywhere!

TULIP BEDS IN HOLLAND

I used to wonder where the rainbow went
After its hour was spent.
I used to think
The sunset poured its colors, gold and pink
And lavish purple, somewhere on the ground;
That dawn's vermillion and the stupendous blue
Of daylight's coming, too,
Might all be found
Hoarded upon the palette of the artist earth
To give new paintings birth.
Holland, I saw your tulip gardens giving all
Their tides of color to the Spring's call,
Spilling their splendor in one mighty overflow . . .
And now I know!

COMPLETION

The day has fallen softly as a peach,
The mellow moments blending each in each,
The lucent hours rounding within my reach
Yielding my highest dream
In symmetry supreme,
Till scarlet sun descending
Brings the ripe ending
Holding within its luscious heart the seeds
Of all love's future needs.

V

CONTRASTS



IN EXCHANGE FOR A SOUL

Once the homeliest frame sufficed;
Once, the barrenest, cold room
Housed my hope and held my Christ;
Meagre food or sky of gloom
Shed no shadow o'er His brow
Whose kingly face is hidden now.

Once, the hard, uncurtained pane
Quivered with enchanted light—
Lovely frost and gorgeous rain.
Now, no summons brings to sight
Beauty in that sullen place
Once enwreathed with lyric lace.

Once, the slightest happening
Was a window of delight
Open to the sounds of Spring . . .
Sudden raptures keen as fright.
Now the singer sings in vain—
Rapture cometh not, nor pain.

Saffron silk and purple grace
Ebon wood and cloth of gold
Frame the flaccid, empty face
Of Life, grown arrogant and old.
O Fate, who measured out my cup—
Give one potion more to me—
Grief, and I will drink it up;
Wholesome want, and set me free!

ANTS

We are like ants, we mortals, when we crawl
Over and over the same round earth,
Spanning as they a ruddy apple's girth
As if its goal were all.
Bent on the body's need, more and more,
As ants we build and travel and explore,
With eyes too fixed upon the good ground
To see immensity that girds us round.

Scarcely we look
Upon the sky's immortal book,
But, closely bent
O'er map and chart and rule, ever intent
As ants upon the easiest range
We miss the strange
Far lettering of the sky's page.
Even in art and knowledge, seldom seeing
Beneath the rind of being.
Our learning handed down
From age to heavy age
In parchments of renown.

"What book? What period? What place upon the
map?"
Settles the status of our thought. Mayhap
Doubt stirs within us, too, but seldom do we cry
Out of the depths of feeling, "Why?"

We are like ants, that travel o'er a ruddy ball,
Fondly beholding it as all.
While but to lift the face
And bare the head
Beneath a million suns in beauty spread,
Would usher man into the Eternal Courts of Grace!

WHAT IS MY WISDOM?

(The Old Idea To The New)

What is my wisdom, what my years of truth,
Beside your boiling youth?
A flood of raging waters flowing
Beyond my knowing.
A stream that batters down the olden gate,
Nor heeds the solid shore where stands my thought,
Hardened and fixed as Fate.
You sweep aside the precepts I have taught
As tides toss sea weed on a careless wave.
I speak to you of caution and command,
You, seeing visions beautiful and brave
Scatter my fears like pebbles on the sand.
You find a new God on the Future's rim
And bid me follow Him!

TO A BROKEN STALK

Gentle and unoffending one,
Torn from thy converse with the sun
And from thy parent tree ruthlessly broken—
What memories unspoken
Of groves where angels walk
Dreamed in thy stalk?
What hope and tender longing
From unborn leaflets thronging
Deep in thy sap and strength
Are blighted by this crime?
What wealth of beauty sought to climb
Through thee at length
To daylight and the vision of men,
Bringing the primal radiance back again?

WHY?

I, who love children, must go childless. I,
Endowed with all a woman's heavenly powers
May spend my love in brooding on the sky,
May lavish tenderness upon my flowers,
Or in some purpose for the world's betterment
Struggle to find content.

And yet . . .

My thwarted mother heart may not forget.
Daily I see them—wistful babes of earth;
Mothers who sigh and fret
Or watch with dull, indifferent look
The miracle in deep, enchanted eyes . . .
A child's rich heart unfolding like a book.
Impatient scoldings, ignorant replies
Answer the spirit's wakening. While I,
Yearning to pour the passion of my being
Must turn away, unseeing,
And wonder, "Why?"

LOST RAPTURE

Was life enchanted? Mournest thou the day
When the compelling rapture thinned away?
Thou art thyself more wonderful than any love that
came,

An everlasting rapture and an immortal flame.
The sweetest pang of thy forgotten Junes
Only a spark in the transcendent fire
Whence leaped thine own desire. /
Love's gates are swung to such eternal tunes
As mortals may not bear;
Should the unhindered spirit speak,
Evil would vanish in destroying air . . .
We should be patient with the weak
And merciful with wrong,
Turning the voice of mourning into song.

VI
FANCIES

BALLAD OF THE WIND AND THE PINE

Said the wind to the pine,
"Be mine, O be mine!
We shall travel afar
Where your dream castles are.
For who would be prisoned in forests of shade
And never behold how the wide world is made?
Conventions are tame!"
Cried the wind, all aflame—
Her perfume had maddened him long ere he came.
"From the day of your birth
Are you tied to the earth.
You are young, she is old.
She is moral, but cold.
Your sisters are stupid, and as they are born
So perish they all, in perfection forlorn.
All fetters are foolish, all ties are a curse—
No bonds should there be in a free universe!
Put your arms round my neck, swing to saddle with
me . . .
And what should we reckon of your neighbors?" quoth he.

The pine tree, ashamed of the thrill in her heart,
Shook her head, stood apart;
Bade the wind go his way till another bright day . . .
The pine tree, alone, lived his words o'er and o'er;
The robe he had praised with new dignity wore.
With arms round his shoulder,

How close he would hold her! . . .
Shame caught her again; the beech and the fir,
The spruce and the poplar so decorous were.
They would scorn could they guess
How she loved his caress.

Well, tempests and trees are like women and men—
She longed, yet she dreaded to hear him again.
Then came the old yearning and leaped the old thrill
When she heard the far sound of his steeds on the hill.
With streaming of banners and trampling of feet,

The wind, he came crying,
Would brook no denying
For conquest complete.
Though she suffered and prayed,
Faint with bliss, she obeyed . . .
With wrench and with strain
Leaped boldly to follow;
And oh, the great hollow
She tore in the soil where her roots long had lain—
So doth liberty pain!

Affrighted, aghast,
She stood waiting, alone . . .
Truth dawning at last—
For her lover had flown!
On the pitiless air
Came her cry of despair

As she fell to the earth
That had given her birth . . .
And at night she did waken
In tears, and forsaken,
To see his arms twine
Round a fair sister pine . . .
“Be mine—O be mine!”

CONVERSAZIONE

Have you ever spoken to a rose
And heard her faint reply?
A thing so delicate
No word may articulate?
Have you hailed an April cloud, skimming nigh,
Have you had the wind walk with you,
The keen rain talk with you?
Rain is witty as can be—
A scintillating speaker she!

Brooks have a way of talking, too, that's quite diverting
When they're not flirting
With every dapper tree that dances by;
But lakes, I am told,
Have treasures manifold
And are very entertaining when they try.
Indeed, a lake was telling me the other morning
About a modern parasite across the way—
A river bank who dreams of nothing but adorning,
Looking at her lashes in the stream all day!

And oh, of all the clever things the laughing river said!
She heard a woman talking of a rainbow overhead:
"You know, such flaunting colors are offensive to my
sight;
I really think the taste of the Creator is not right."
Hollyhocks and sunflowers, pinks and daisies too,

Primrose and marigold, she thought them quite taboo.
"No cultured person dresses in this fashion, as you
know;

And all this gaudy coloring creates a vulgar show."

She further said she thought the pussy willow, with her
furs on

Quite a proper person.

"Without them," laughed the river, "on a raw day
She hasn't much to say!"

The critic further amplified: "Some day will Nature
learn

To color with a quiet hand the poppy and the fern;
To soften down the sunrise and modify the fruit
And ostracize October when her gowns don't suit!"

SUPPOSE

Suppose the garden said,
When Spring came out to spread
Her tunic of rose and blue,
Her fringes of gold and red—
“A calico gown will do.
Such splendor is not God’s will,
And vanity’s price is dust;
’Tis wanton to primp and frill
And pander to human lust.”
Suppose the apple tree should say
When all her blooms were white,
“The Lord is grieved at such display . . .
Such frumpery is not right!”
Suppose the hillside yonder,
Whose brow is stern and bare
Should hesitate and ponder
When clouds would make her fair?

VII
TRIBUTES

THE WOMAN OF THE AGE

A soul that sat in light, and looking out
Across concealing battlements of cloud,
Saw the deluded world meshed in its own doubt,
Mummied in superstition as a shroud.
Saw how the half-born human race revered
The ills it feared,
Bowing the knee to gods debased and mean,
Fierce graven images, unspeakable, unclean.
Beheld the hideous pageant as it came
Down dim distorted centuries of lust—
Dark worshippers of idols and of shame
Whose deeds are dust.

Seeing how Molloch toppled and Baal fell
And still the spell
Wrought other gods, invented fears anew,
While frenzied dervish and enchanted priest
Gloated above the sacrificial feast
And a fresh glamour grew
From endless orgies in an unending chain
Of agony and pain.

A soul that sat in light, seeing without disguise
The stern, sad chronicle of ages run—
A film of horror melting in the sun,
Unseen, unguessed by the Eternal eyes,
Gazing forever on the plan supreme—

Man in the image of his Maker's dream,
Unhurt, unsullied, burning clear and white
Like a great star at night.
Man's mighty heritage of sin and grief
The tortured shadow of his own belief
Spread like a dark obscuring veil in space;
The world self-hidden from the Creator's face.

A soul that sat in light; and looking, saw
The end and the beginning of the Law
Lay only in beholding God aright.
And stretching forth her hands
To the sick peoples of all lands,
She cries to-day, "Come forth into the light!"

TO EDITH M. THOMAS

Minds that dwell
In the white splendor of the upper spheres, do well.
For all their seeming loneliness, a spell
Of grandeur growing daily into song
Makes melody of wrong.
Lyra is patient, through eternal space;
Capella wings her swift, invisible flight
Through endless barriers of day and night;
And Cassiopeia triumphs in her place.
Poet, the winds of Truth blow near and far;
Clamor and dust descend unto their own;
When the last wind has blown
A wakened world shall see you as you are
The steadfast sister of the morning star
On your immortal throne.

THE HUMANITARIAN

Seeing how the world suffered and bled,
He said:

"My life shall bring
Help to that suffering.
Seeing how the earth had need
Of sheer joy and beauty
Above all bitter creed
Of cruel penitence and duty,
And how mankind
Thirsted and cried for joy it could not find,
His heart made quick reply,
"Men shall know happiness before I die."

He who brings beauty to the lives of men
Needeth no tribute of recording pen.
His deeds are graven in a place apart,
On the enduring tablet of the human heart.

TO A SLEEPING BABE

(A Tribute And A Prophecy For Brucie)

Brucie, curled in your white nest,
You are a sea shell, pink and cream,
Borne on the foaming crest
Of night's dream.
Tossed in the great immensity of sleep,
Hearing, who knows what message from the deep,
How calm you keep!
How hushed you are, how wise,
In strange, sweet knowledge out of Paradise.
Brucie, when you are grown,
You shall make known
Secrets profound your tiny ears have heard
Even as shells give back the sounds they hear
Unto the human ear.
So you, a man, shall speak your lofty word,
And the great world, hearing your voice,
Shall hearken and rejoice.

THE STAR

Dearest, as time surrounds thy deed
With distance and tranquility,
Where hours of silence intercede
And tell thy cause to me,
The pain thou gavest, for my good,
Carried aloft to that clear sky
Where deeds of men transfigured are,
Burns in a splendid solitude,
Perfect, serene, and high.
The searing flame becomes a star
Whereon I look, with lifted gaze,
Lost in the dark earth's tangled maze
And yield my Aves at thy shrine . . .
"This one thing is divine!"

TRIBUTE TO GREATNESS

That mortal will could flower in such a deed,
That human love could span
Such sacrifice, beyond all earthly meed,
Points a new star for man;
Pens a new word upon the written scroll
That spells the greatness of the human soul.
Dear, you are like a trumpet for the heart,
Silver amid the time's dark dissonance.
In a high place apart
You sound the splendor of the day's advance,
You tell of ministries immense and free
In the new world to be . . .
My wish for blinded men and blinded women, too,
That they might follow you.

A DAUGHTER'S TRIBUTE

Before my girlhood turned its eager page,
I knew her more than mother, more than sage.
Back of the wide brow and earnest eyes—
The strange concealing curtain of her face—
I saw one day the miracle take place;
Piercing the outer garment of disguise
A monarch of the spirit shining through
The form I knew.

“God at the core of you; God at the core of every
 woman and man
And child upon this planet.” So her teaching ran.

And I, who listened, went at dusk to see
What inward knowledge might arise in me.
And standing close beside the garden tree—
“God is as near as this—as close!” I said,
And felt a sudden sacred rapture spread
Singing through all my veins, and knew His heart
Beating within my own, its inmost part.
His pulse, sounding within my own, as if it said,
“I will be within thee on the dim road ahead!”

In golden roses and a golden dress
I knew, one day, my mother's proud caress—
Her hands had fashioned every seam of it,
Cut from a silken gown of old to fit

My girlish need when graduation came . . .
To-day the smell of roses, yellow-sweet,
Makes my heart beat;
And golden silk beckons to me like flame . . .

Straight and severe and hard the path was set;
So cold it seemed to my warm heart! And yet
I know to-day the road that had no rest,
Upward and upward, on and on, was best.
Never her spirit faltered, never her courage went
Though mortal strength was spent—
“Look to the spirit, and be strong!” she cried,
As on and up we traveled, side by side.

Sometimes in dreams I see her tall, severe;
A hooded monk, a soldier or a seer—
Scarcely I know, she seems so hushed and great,
Sacred and solemn and immaculate,
Marching in straight procession with the strong
Whose stalwart shoulders rise above the throng.
The world shall see her yet as I have seen,
Priestess and mother, prophetess and queen.

VIII

MAN TO-MORROW



ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN

If we could hear the sound that morning brings,
What chords convey the color of a prayer,
How the dull word is girt about with wings
Foaming in rapturous air;
Could we but see what ecstasy attends
The calm and simple intercourse of friends;
Could we but know
How all the sterile pathway where we go
Is passionate with flowers and with flame
Though days are colorless and tasks are tame . . .
How the glad country whence we came
Still hoods us round with veil on shimmering veil;
Oh, never would our spirits doubt or fail,
Nor would we cravenly prepare for death;
But, with awakened breath
And with uplifted eyes and hearts afire
We would walk buoyantly and swift,
Knowing full well there waits us the one gift—
Our heart's desire.

TO AN APRIL BUD

You little, eager, peeping thing—
You embryonic point of light
Pushing from out your winter night,
How you do make my pulses sing!
A tiny eye amid the gloom,
The merest speck I scarce had seen—
So doth God's rapture rend the tomb
In this wee burst of April green!

And lo, 'tis here—and lo! 'tis there—
Spurting its jets of sweet desire
In upward curling threads of fire
Like tapers kindling all the air.
Why, scarce it seems an hour ago
These branches clashed in bitter cold;
What Power hath set their veins aglow?
O soul of mine, be bold, be bold!
If from this tree, this blackened thing,
Hard as the floor my feet have prest
This flame of joy comes clamoring
In hues as red as robin's breast
Waking to life this little twig—
O faith of mine, be big! Be big!

This poem is inscribed to Mrs. Waldo Richards, and was published in her anthology entitled "The Melody of Earth," under the title, "The Awakening." The author is indebted to Mrs. Richards and to Houghton Mifflin Company, for permission to reprint in this volume.

THE NEW MARRIAGE

This bond which has existed since the beginning of
time,

We now recognize upon the planet earth.

Before the morning stars sang together

These separate entities were one in the Eternal Mind,
The Everlasting Love.

Love sent them forth, on separate errands,

Questing, ever questing,

That when they came together

There should be radiance and a great joy.

We of the earth respect the mandate of God,

Seeing the bond existing between these two beings,

Each yearning for its complement, designed from the
beginning.

God hath pronounced you man and wife;

Earth bows to the edict of the Creative Word.

FOUR MORNING STARS*

Four morning stars together telling the world's
release . . .
Jupiter, leading the way, crying to all the earth,
"New Birth!"
(While Regulus between
Heralds a dawn unseen) . . .
Saturn and Mars
In friendly concord mid the stars
Singing "Peace!"
And Venus, pouring the splendor of her soul:
"'Tis love will make men whole!"

* Note: This actual phenomenon occurred in October and was witnessed by the author at half past four o'clock in the morning, of October 29, at Orchard Terrace, Loyd, Ulster County. Jupiter, leading, with the first magnitude star Regulus—between—followed by Saturn and Mars close together; then lowest of all, Venus, like a lamp in the sky.

THE NEW BAPTISM

I baptize you into Eternal Life.

I baptize you into Eternal Love.

I baptize you into the glory of the new day.

All the past is washed away.

There is no sin in all the kingdom of God.

There is no death in the kingdom of God.

I baptize you in the name of the Living God,

Dwelling within you now and forevermore.

THE NEW BIRTH

Sarah, thou aged woman, thou art the forerunner of a
new day

Descending upon the world . . .

Sarah, barren because of earth,

Fruitful because of Heaven.

Sarah, thou channel of transcendent birth,

Because of thee shall men find Truth,

Seeing beyond the body's perishing array

Beauty, undying, endlessly unfurled,

Nourished at the Eternal Fount of youth.

O Sarah! Well for thee thy shrivelled breasts were
naught;

Well for the world thy womb no answer woke

Till the great Word of Life

Its resurrection brought,

And Love Eternal summoned thee to wife!

COMMANDER

You ask if I saw a great general riding to-day,
Worshipped and loved of the people swaying like trees
in the wind of his eloquent way;

Statue superb of chiselled endurance mounted over the
throne,

Hewn in the bronze of his figure the soul of a nation
intrepid and strong.

("Saw you the banners? Heard you the cheers as he
galloped in sight?

Saw you the human ocean foam into fluttering
white?")

Yes, Commander! My soul thrills to you.

Yes, Commander! Victorious and true.

For high above the avenue, where blooms the tallest
tower,

I saw the folded Future swing open like a flower.

Marching out of Paradise where clouds of beauty are

I saw the new commander, I saw the new commander

Go forth to conquer War.

Tramp—tramp—tramp, tramp, tramp.

Tramp—tramp—tramp, tramp, tramp.

But high above the frenzied street where weathered
troops were striding,

I heard the new commander, riding, riding!

You tell me you saw the commander triumphantly
pass,
Acres on acres of human beings bending like prairie
grass,
Tier upon crowded tier of tense humanity sweeping to
sudden flame,
Bursting in passionate purple and scarlet and riotous
gold as he came.
("Heard you the hammering heart of a nation united as
one?
Saw you Democracy's banner supreme in the sun?")
Yes, commander! Your stalwart soul is white.
Yes, commander! You fought the noble fight.
But high above the crime of earth, its ignorance and
shame,
I saw the new commander, who wears the future's
fame,
Beyond the shouting multitude and silver as a star
I heard his bugle calling, calling sweet and far.
Tramp—tramp—tramp, tramp, tramp.
Tramp—tramp—tramp, tramp, tramp.
The minds of men were marching the minds of men
were marching,
The minds of men were marching,
Forth to conquer War!

Come, Commander! Swing wide the Future's door.
Come, Commander! The wasted lands implore.
Where Innocence is dying,
Where shattered homes are lying,

Where torn hearts are crying
For sons that are no more.
Tramp—tramp—tramp, tramp, tramp.
Tramp—tramp—tramp, tramp, tramp.
Beyond the sodden battlefields where fallen victims lie,
I hail the new Commander, I hail the new Commander,
I hail the new Commander
Marching down the sky!

"GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY"

The voice of a bell blossoming out of the world's woe,
Melting over cold mounds of cruel snow;
Voices of many strange bells pealing,
"Healing, healing!"
The many-petaled voices of new bells hurled,
"Healing and joy shall bless the world,
Healing and joy shall bless the world!"

Hush—hark!
Sounding in the dark,
Magically pealing,
"Healing! Healing!"
Voices of dead heroes who did not die at all . . .
Listen as they call.
Whisper of your dead boy
Sounding in your ear—
"Miracles are here—
Miracles and joy!
"Healing for the maimed, healing for the blind,
Healing for mankind."
Voices of a million bells mightily unfurled,
"Healing for the world!"

ASSURANCE

God's curtains lift on such stupendous height,
His stage is set within such mighty leisure,
Man's moments may not measure
The grandeur of the sight.
God's hammers beat such glory from the dark,
And from the dawn such ecstasy of adulation,
Could mortals only hark
'Twould be the world's salvation.

This earth a shifting alchemy in space,
A lump of lightning held in the fingers of God,
Which, to our human touch becometh sod—
A thing to weigh and measure and embrace
In that immense, mad fancy of the human race
Called the last enemy. O, Death, how we shall laugh
some day
When the benumbing fantasy is swept away!





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